

Poetry.

Indian Summer.

There is a time, just when the frost
Prepares to pave only Winter's way,
When Autumn in a reviv'le rove,
The mellow daylight dreams away;
When Summer comes, in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,
The daisy flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live.
She enters 'neath the woodland shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
And bear it gentle where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last old Autumn, rising, takes
Again his sceptre and his throne,
With boisterous hand the tree he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer sighs, and dies the plain,
And waiting Winter gaunt and grim,
Sees mistier Autumn, hoard his grain
And smiles to think it all of him.

Miscellaneous.

A Rift in the Cloud.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Andrew Lee came home at evening
from the shop where he had worked all day, tired, and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired, and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife, and a cheerful home—what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with knitted brows, and a moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silence. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet homemade bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent, that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the twin sat together until Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose, and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory," said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust desperately away down into his trousers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out, and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading.

Singularly enough the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on.

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt you."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "Oh, yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eye fell again to the paper.

"She has made my home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have, for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice towards his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the

bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with ill-nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence:

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her, and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness:

"You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle hand ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter than those of any other man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly; "and I've heard it said more than once, what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband. There was light in it, and light in her eye. "But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him."

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going round to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her face grow clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary. My own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears in his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

Crockett's Log Cabin.

On the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, not far from Jackson, in Tennessee, says an exchange paper, still stands the humble log cabin, 18 by 20 feet in size, built and occupied, while he lived in the district, by the far-famed David Crockett. Its logs are fast decaying, and desolation surrounds it, but no traveller passes it without an eager desire to look upon the roof that sheltered one of the truest representatives of the American pioneer character—a hero and an honest man. Near it is a railroad station called Crockett's Station; around it, perhaps, will arise a town, to bear and perpetuate a name as familiar to his countrymen as that of Jackson.

The name of David Crockett will ever be held in reverence by the American people. It is associated with all that is noble and manly, and indissolubly connected with the Texan struggle for independence. It may not be generally known that Col. Crockett married in Buncombe. His wife was a sister to the late George Patton, of Swannanoa. In his earlier manhood Crockett spent considerable time in this country. The relatives of his wife are yet living, many of them, on Swannanoa, in this county.—*Asheville News.*

The Pirate.

Eighteen years ago the ship I commanded was dancing over the waves on a mission of mercy. Laden by generous contributions of a New England city, she was bound to the Cape de Verde with bread for the famine stricken and dying. Brighter skies never gladdened the sailor's heart than those which bent over us; pleasanter gales never filled the sails of the sea-journeyer than those which speed to the haven where we should be; and now "May God have the ship in his holy keeping," the prayer which concluded the old English bill of lading, was heard and granted, we felt, as we trod on the deck of the stout craft whose errand was to succor the destitute.

We were all in high spirits, forward in the fore-castle and aft in the cabin. Sailors who are often so hungry, liable at any moment to be put on short allowance, and compelled at times to fast entirely, know better than the landsman how to pity those whom famine threatens. Jack has ready sympathy for the man who has no biscuit in his locker.

It is now the fourteenth day out—just in the first gray of the morning, that the mate aroused me with startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of light the vigilant officer had descried her, and she was so near as to be made out with a glass. I was on deck in an instant.

The first glance at the strange ship almost dispelled the fear that the mate's alarm had occasioned.

"Why, Mr. Larkin," I said, laughing, as I spoke, "there's nothing suspicious looking about that lubberly looking craft. She is a Portuguese brigantine—she can't sail."

"She looks like that build," said the mate, "but she is built for sailing, and she'll spread canvass in a wind like this that'll send her skimming like a gull over the sea. And look now at the men on her deck."

One glance through the telescope was enough to satisfy me that he was right.

The vessel was sharp built of light draught, and rigged like a brigantine. Her masts raked very slightly; besides the canvas usual to such a rig, she was fitted to carry a lugger sail, which, when spread before the wind, would add to her speed. In addition, she was pierced for twenty-two sweeps. Her decks were crowded with men.

"It's no honest craft, Mr. Larkin," I said; "but she may not be a pirate for all that. One need not be surprised to fall in with a slaver hereabouts."

"She's no slaver, Captain."

"Do you think so?"

"Because there are guns on deck instead of water casks."

"I did not say she had a cargo of slaves in."

"Then why does she carry so many guns on deck? If without a cargo, her guns should be below; if with one there should be more guns on deck if that ain't a pirate, never believe me again."

"As if to put an end to our speculations and clear up the mystery, the suspicious craft began to spread more canvass, and as she gathered away with the freshening breeze, there ran up to her foremast a flag which, when it reached the truck, unhooked its folds to the wind. On a white ground we saw the terrible insignia of the free-booter, the death's head and cross bones, painted in diabolical black.

"I thought so," said Larkin, quietly. "And the ship has no guns."

"What arms have you, Mr. Larkin?" I asked.

"An old horse-pistol, and the look is out of order."

"And I have only an old fowling piece and a pair of pistols. I fear these fellows will make their own terms with us."

"Yes; cut our throats and administer on our effects afterwards," replied the mate, walking forwards.

We made all the sail we could, but fifteen minutes satisfied me that escape was impossible. The report of a gun from the pirate, and a shot whistling over us speedily brought us to.

The pirate came quietly along like a panther, which, sure of its prey, was in no great hurry to seize it. The moment he came within speaking distance, he hailed, and ordered me to launch a boat and come on board. We got out the quarter-boat, and I was about to jump into her and pay my respects in person to the villains, when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go.

"If they want the captain," said he, "let them send for him. I'll see if the mate won't answer as well."

He had scarcely put his foot on the deck of the pirate, when he again appeared on the rail, and descended to the boat, which began to pull back. Almost the same instant a launch was swung over the rail, into which about twenty savage looking rascals, armed to the teeth, sprang, and pulled towards us. Ten minutes afterwards they were on board my vessel, and began clearing away the main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy fellow, whose square, compact frame indicated strength, and whose eyes, black and hazy, and half concealed by the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, approached the cabin hatch, where I

stood, and addressed me in tolerably good English.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What's your cargo?"

"Flour."

"Where from?"

"Boston."

"Where to?"

"Cape de Verde."

"Why they're all starving there," he said, opening his eyes and looking full at me.

"Yes; and flour in my vessel was freely given by good Christians to feed these starving people."

The rascal continued his deliberate gaze for a moment, then turned towards his men, who by this time had broken into the main hatch, and in a rough commanding tone spoke a few words in Spanish, which I could not make out. The men looked up in astonishment, and then withdrew to the side, where they stood gazing cautiously towards their captain—for such was my interrogator. He thrust his hands behind him, and walked quietly to and fro for five minutes; then he said harshly to me:

"You Americans are all heretics—why should you send flour to feed starving Catholics?"

"Because they are our fellow men; and their Saviour is our Saviour," I answered, astonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you lie to me," he cried, with a fierceness that startled me—"if you lie to me I'll nail you down to your own deck. Is this cargo the free gift of your countrymen to the starving?"

"I'll prove it to you by my papers," I answered.

"I don't want to see your papers," he returned; "swear it." As he spoke he crossed himself devoutly.

"I swear," I replied solemnly.

The pirate lifted his cap and bent his head devoutly when I mentioned the Trinity. He stood still, with his head bent over, while one might moderately have counted fifty. When he raised himself up, it seemed to me there was less ferocity in his countenance. His eyes were no longer half closed, but open and clear in their depths. I looked steadily at him.

"Captain," said he, courteously, "can you supply me with two or three casks of water?"

I gave the order, and the water was lowered into the boat. A word from him sent his cut-throats over the side, but he lingered behind, and, after a moment's hesitation, as though he had half repented of his resolution, and was ashamed of what he was doing, he approached me with his hand extended.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed, as he felt my grasp, "and send you where the starving are praying for bread."

The next moment he was gone. It is very probable that this piratical rascal was afterwards hung, as no doubt he deserved to be. But however terrible his fate, I am sure that from his heart, seared and made callous by crime, and self-desecrated, there burst forth a little warm gleam of light which mitigated somewhat the desolation, and relieved, though it could not entirely dispel, the gloom of his dying hour.

Democratic Philosophy.

Our Democratic friends have taken unto themselves a queer sort of philosophy. Although since the middle of May they have been terribly mauled in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky, they cry out, "it is not much of a licking after all." They really must have expected to be, as they knew they deserved to be, ground into powder, and therefore rejoice that any thing like life has been left in their carcasses. Not much of a licking, quoth he! It is said that when the flood was rising, one of the doomed, in the top of a tree and with the water up to his chin, hailed Noah and asked to be taken aboard the ark. Noah of course declined, and the unfortunate man cried out, "Go along with your drotted old ark, I don't think it will be much of a shower after all."

Raleigh Register.

A Wife in Trouble.

"Pray, tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh! such disgrace! I have opened one of your letters, supposing it to be addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife opening her husband's letters?"

"But the contents! Such a disgrace! What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit for my wife to read?"

"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste language; but the disgrace!"

The Proud Heart Humbled.

"But if we forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive our trespasses."

The March night had darkened down upon the little New England village of Ashdale. It was a pretty place in summer, lying between two hills, on whose summits the ash trees lifted their green arms to the sky all the long bright days, as if imploring a benediction, or spread them out lovingly over the white houses nestled round the one church below.

But to-night it wore a different aspect. A storm was upon the hills. A little snow and hail were borne upon its wings, but not much. Chiefly it was the force of the rushing winds, shaking the leafless ash trees; hurtling against closed windows; swinging the bell in the old church tower till it gave forth, now and then, a dirge-like peal, as if the dead were tolling their own requiems.

Many homes there were where the wild scene without seemed but to heighten, by the force of contrast, the blessed calm within—homes where smiling infants slept warm and still through the twilight, in the soft hush of mother bosoms, and happy children gathered around the knee of father or grandsire, to hear again some simple story; or thoughtful ones looked into the fire, and fashioned from the embers brave castles, in which they were to dwell in the coming time, with, over all, the sunshine of youth and hope.

Twenty years from now they would look into the embers again, and see those fair castles, in which they had never come to abide, with ruined windows and blackened walls—

The twilight of memory over all, And the silence of death within."

But in the one house no stories were to gladden listening ears—no soft evening hymn hushed slumbering babes to rest—no children's eager eyes looked into the embers. It was the latest house, by far, in the little village—a lofty mansion, gleaming white in the trees, with the roof supported by massive pillars. Nowhere did the evening fire burn brighter; but into it looked two old people, worn and sorrowful, with the shadows of grief and time upon their shrivelled faces—two who had forgotten, long ago, their youth's fair castles, who looked back over waste fields of memory where not even setting sun-rays gilded the monuments built to their dead hopes.

They sat there silently. They had sat silently ever since the darkness gathered. The lofty, well furnished room was lighted only by the wood-fire's glow, and in the corners strange shadows seemed to gather, beckoning hands and white brows gleaming spectrally through the darkness. Toward them, now and then, the wife looked with anxious searching gaze; then turned back again toward the fire and clasped her hands over the heart that had learned through many trials the hard lessons of patience.

Judge Howard was a stern, self-conceited man. In his native town, where he had passed all his life, none stood higher in public esteem. Toward the poor he was liberal—toward his neighbors just and friendly; yet, for all that, he was a hard man, whose will was iron, whose habits were granite. His wife had come to know this even in her honeymoon. The knowledge was reinforced by her sad, waiting face, her restraining manners.

His daughter Caroline, his only child, had learned it early, and her father became to her almost as much an object of fear as of tenderness.

And yet he loved those two with a strength that weaker, more yielding natures could not have fathomed. When his child was first put into his arms; when her frail, helpless hands groped blindly at his own, he felt the strong thrill of father-love sweep over him. For the moment it swelled his soul, irradiated his face, flooded his heart, but it did not permanently change or soften his nature. As she grew toward womanhood, and her bright head glancing in his path was the fairest sight earth held, her ringing voice the sweetest music, he never gratified her whims, nor always yielded to her reasonable wishes.

At length love came to her. She gave her heart to one whose father Judge Howard had hated. James Huntley and he had been young together, and a feud had arisen between them, which Rufus Howard's stern nature allowed him neither to forget nor forgive. He had yet to learn the lesson, holier than all the teachings of seers and sages, the lesson our Saviour lived, wrought, ay, died to teach, of forgiveness even for our enemies—prayer for those who have despitely used us and persecuted us. His former enemy was dead now, but not so the Judge's hate. It had been transmitted, like real estate, to the dead man's heir; and so he forbade his daughter to marry him, and sternly bade her choose between parent and lover.

She inherited her father's strong will, and she put her hand in Richard Huntley's and went forth—she would not have been her father's child, if she had not, without a tear.

From the time, for ten years, her name had been a forbidden word. Letters she had written at first during her banishment, but they had been sent back unopened, and for years no

voice or token had come to tell whether she were dead or living. Therefore, the mother looked shudderingly into the shadow-haunted corners, in the long twilights, and almost believed that she saw there the face for which her mother's heart had yearned, momentarily, all these years.

Judge Howard loved his wife, too—O, if she had but known it! Every outline of that sad, waiting face, every thread of that silver hair, was dearer to him now than when the bridal rose crowned the girl bride he had chosen, but his lips never soothed away the sadness of that patient face.

"It is a terrible night," he said, at length, rousing himself from his long silence. In the pause after his words, you could hear how the wind shook the house, groaning among the trees, and sighing along the garden walks.

"Yes, a terrible night," his wife answered with a shudder. "God grant no poor soul may be out in it shelterless."

"Ameh! I would take in my worst enemy on such a night as this."

His worst enemy! But would he have taken in his own child—the daughter with his blood in her veins, fed once at his hearth? If this question crossed the wife's mind, she gave it no utterance.

"Shall I light the candles, Rufus?" she asked meekly.

"Yes, it is almost bedtime. I had forgotten how long we were sitting in the dark. I will read now, and then we shall be better in bed."

He drew toward him the Bible which lay between the candles she had lighted. It had been his habit, for years, to read a chapter in it nightly. Somehow, tonight, the pages opened at the beautiful, new story of the prodigal son. Judge Howard read it through calmly, but his hand trembled as he shut the book.

"Hannah," he began, and then paused as if his pride was still too strong to permit him to confess himself in the wrong. But soon he proceeded: "Hannah, I do suppose that was written for an example to those who should seek to be numbered with the children of God. He is our Father, and His arms are ever open to the wanderer. My heart misgives me sorely about Caroline. She should not have disobeyed me, but—do I never disobey God, and where should I be if He measured out to me such measures as I have measured to her? O, Hannah, I never felt before how much I needed to be forgiven."

"The mother's tears were falling still and fast—she could not answer. There was silence for the moment, and again the Judge said, restlessly, "Hannah!" and she looked up into his white moved face.

"Hannah, could we find her? Do you think she lives still—our one child?"

"God knows my husband. Sometimes I think that she is dead. I see her face on dark nights, and it wears a look of heavenly peace. In the winds I hear a voice that sounds like hers—she seems trying to tell me she has found rest. But no, no!"—her face kindled—"she is not dead. I feel it in my soul—God will let us see her once more—I am her mother—I shall not die till my kisses have rested on her cheek, my hand touched her hair. I believe I have a promise, Rufus."

"God grant it, Hannah."

And after those words they both sat silently, again, listening—listening.

They had not heard the door open, but now a step sounded in the hall, and the door of the room where they sat was softly unlocked. They both started up—perhaps they half expected to see Caroline, but it was only their next door neighbor, holding by the hand a child. She spoke eagerly, in a half-confused way, which they did not notice.

"This child came to my house, Judge, but I hadn't room to keep her, so I brought her over here. Will you take her in?"

"Surely, surely. Come here, poor child."

Who had ever heard Judge Howard's voice so gentle? The little girl seemed somewhat reassured by it. She crept to his knee, and lifted up her face. The Judge bent over her—Whose were those blue, deep eyes? Where had he seen that peculiar shade of hair, like the shell of a ripe chestnut? Did he not know those small, sweet features, that wistful mouth, the delicate chin? His hands shook.

"Whose—whose child are you?—What is your name?"

"Grace," and the girl trembled visibly.

"Grace Huntley," said the neighbor's voice, grown somewhat quivering now. "Grace Huntley. You cannot help knowing that face, Judge. It is a copy of one which belonged once to the brightest and proudest girl in Ashdale."

The old man—he looked very old now, shaken by the tempest in his strong heart, as the wind shook the trees outside—drew the child into his bosom, with an eager, hungry look. His arms closed around her as if they would hold her there forever.

"My child, my child," burst like a sob from his lips, and then he bent over silently. At first his wife had stood by in mute amazement, her face

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almost as white as the cap border which trembled round it, now a thought pierced her, quick and deep as a sword. She drew near, and looked piteously into the neighbor's eyes.

"Is she an orphan? Where is her mother?"

The Judge heard her and lifted up his head.

"Yes," he cried, "where is Caroline? Have pity, and tell me where is Caroline?"

Before the woman could answer, an eager voice called.

"Here, father, mother, here."

And from the hall where she had been lingering, half in fear, Judge Howard's own child came in. It was the mother's breast to which she clung first—the mother's arms which clasped her with such passionate clinging—and then she tottered forward, and threw herself down at her father's feet.

"Forgive me, father," she tried to say, but the Judge would not hear her. The angel had troubled at length, the deep water of his soul, and the wave of feeling had overflowed his heart. He saw now in its true light, the self-will and the unforgiving spirit which had been the sin of his life. He sank upon his knees, his arms enfolding his daughter and her child, and his old wife crept to his side, and knelt beside him, while from his lips Mrs. Marsh heard, as she closed the door, and left the now united family to themselves, this prayer:

North-Carolina.
Several gentlemen of this city have associated themselves with Prof. David Christy in his late extensive land purchase in Cherokee county, North-Carolina. This company have at disposal 130,000 acres of the choicest land in that rich mountain district.—Cherokee county, it will be remembered, is situated in the southwestern part of that region included between the Smoky Mountain and the Blue Ridge—sometimes termed "the New England of the South." These lands were purchased because of their special adaptation to *mool growing, fruit, and grapes.* For these purposes, we are assured, there is no better country in the United States. Mr. Christopher Wardall and others, who have visited Cherokee county the present season, agree with Prof. Christy in his representations of its fertility and perfect adaptation to these special uses. This region was occupied by the Cherokee Indians until 1838, and these lands were not brought into market by the Legislature until 1853. This fact will account for its tardy settlement.

A report is in preparation, by Prof. Christy, which will present the real value and importance of this section of country.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Free Negroes in Louisiana.
On the 1st instant the law passed by the Legislature of Louisiana against the introduction of free negroes or persons of color into that State, went into force. It provides that the police authorities shall lodge in jail any free person of color coming into the State on board any steamer plying out of the limits of the State, and is to remain in prison until she leaves. The Captain of such vessel can release the negro by executing a bond of five hundred dollars, conditioned that the steamer will leave the port in twenty-four hours, and when discharged the master must pay forty cents for every day the negro has been confined.

The Harbor-Masters are required to exact from the masters of vessels coming into port a written statement, on oath, of the number, name and place of residence of every free person of color brought by him on board his vessel. A similar statement is required to be furnished the Chief of Police.—Any master violating this provision of the law is liable to a fine of \$250.

The act gives the informer of any violation of it one-half of the fines collected, and makes him a competent witness.

What will become of the free negroes? Will their abolition friends do any better for them than for the slaves they have decryd from comfortable homes in the South?

Religious Revival.
The revival at the Methodist Church in this place continues to progress with increasing interest. It has been going on for ten or twelve days, and some twenty-five or thirty persons have made professions, principally young gentlemen and ladies. On Sunday night last, the house was densely crowded with a very intelligent and exceedingly attentive audience, who listened for an hour or more, apparently with the deepest interest, to one of Rev. Mr. Brent's most practical, well timed and earnest discourses. At the close of the address, in the absence of the slightest degree of external excitement, the invitation for mourners was given and promptly responded to by some twelve or fifteen young persons, some of whom were young men of known vivacity and tried integrity, and nearly all of whom, professed to have received the evidence of pardon before the hour of 11 o'clock. The exercises closed a little before twelve, and the whole number of converts for the night, we understand, was about twelve.

Dr. Deems arrived in town and officiated for Mr. Brent last night. He remains to-day and will probably preach to-night. The revival seems to increase in interest.—*Newbern Progress.*

Good Advice.
The annexed from the Petersburg Express, contains excellent advice for both parents and children, and we commend it to them for their serious consideration:

"GOING TO SCHOOL.—The re-opening of the schools is now the common topic among the younger generation, and a very important one it is too, and in a serious light should be so considered both by parent and pupil. The pupil, in order to receive the full benefit of instruction, should be made by his parents to feel that the teacher is one of his best friends; that if his wishes are sometimes thwarted and his waywardness repressed, it is for his advantage; and above all, a parent should never, in the presence of his child call in question the justice of the teacher's authority. If a child knows that his parent doubts as to the propriety of a certain course of discipline, no teacher can hold proper influence over the mind and heart of the child.—Let teachers and parents have frequent interviews and understand each other's wishes in regard to their children. It buoy up the spirits of a teacher to enjoy the friendship and co-operation of parents—it is cordial to his drooping and wearied mind, soothing as music itself—the consciousness that though pupils rebel, are oftentimes inattentive, obstinate and indifferent, there are those who appreciate his motives and exertions and cherish towards him a kind and sympathizing feeling. It is unjust to assume that prejudices rest upon the mind of a christian teacher. Preference for the amiable, industrious and obliging, he cannot help feeling, but his good sense and justice to those committed to his care will never allow him to act with a prejudiced eye.

At New Orleans, on the 15th inst., 1,000 bales of cotton, owned by Watt & Co., were destroyed by fire. Loss \$55,000.

Iredell Express.

EUGENE B. DRAKE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

STATESVILLE,
Friday, Sept. 30, 1859.

Our Terms.
THE IREDELL EXPRESS is published on the following terms, from which there will be no deviation. Subscribers therefore will govern themselves accordingly. 1 copy one year, if paid in advance, \$2.00; if paid in arrears, \$2.50. 1 year within 6 months, 2.50; if not paid till the end of the subscription year, 3.00.

The New Railroad Scheme.

The Salisbury Watchman seems rather opposed to building a Railroad to connect the Western Extension at Statesville, with the N. C. Road at Charlotte, lest the enterprise might, among other reasons assigned by the Watchman, injure the commerce of Salisbury. Now, we do not think that Salisbury would be injured by building this road, even should it not be extended beyond Statesville, which it would be soon, we conjecture, as the requisite stock might be subscribed along the route.—for who ever knew a railroad stop long in the midst of a good agricultural region? when other inland communities would be wanting so much to enjoy its advantages. We believe it is the design of the friends of the enterprise to extend the road, until it reach the Virginia line: and who can then doubt the great benefit which the road will confer upon towns and cities in North Carolina? The country over which the road is destined to pass, is rich in natural resources, which are yet undeveloped, a country wanting only transportation facilities to bloom and blossom like the rose. This road would accomplish for that region what, railroad facilities have done for other portions of the country.—stimulate industry by offering incentive to cultivate the soil, which is almost virgin, raise stock, and pursue other industrial avocations.

Then, if Salisbury be the best market for this new trade—and we know that her merchants will not fall in the rear in point of liberality and enterprise—she will share largely this trade inasmuch, as she will be the nearest market, except Statesville if she be at all considered. Salisbury has capital, has manufactures, has a corps of enterprising merchants and business men, who understand well their interests—men who would not be slow to profit by whatever might offer in any new field of operations. But for all that, if better markets might be attainable elsewhere, the probability is that many people would be very apt to try them; but in that case, more money would be brought home and put in circulation; and our farmers could then go to Salisbury, Statesville, or Charlotte and purchase supplies with cash.

That this road is much needed by the citizens of Iredell and a large scope of country north and west of it, we think, too manifest to require an argument. We moreover think, that several of our senators would be materially benefited by its construction.—This road we also, believe, would materially promote the travel and freighting interest upon several other railroad lines in the State, and not injure their business.

Character and Reputation.

The above forms the subject of an address by James A. Long, Esq. of Greensboro', delivered before the Parthenon Society of Beniah Male Institute. We have perused the address with much pleasure and thank the unknown friend for sending us a copy. There are but few better writers in the country than Mr. Long; his effusions are always instructive, amusing, and replete with scholarship.

Fine Irish Potatoes.

We have received from Mr. Israel M. Orzech of this town, a sample of very large Irish potatoes grown upon his place this year, which we think will equal the best produced anywhere. They measured from six to more than eight inches in length and were proportionately large. His method of cultivating this vegetable is this, which we think the better plan, certainly it saves labor and yields a bountiful product: spade or plow the ground deep, then run furrows to a proper distance from each other, into these drop the seed, overlay with manure and cover the whole with the upturned earth. Then mulch or overlay with leaves or straw, the thicker the better, and spread brush to prevent the top-cover being removed by the wind or poultry. The drought of summer will not retard a growth. Nothing more is to be done till digging-time.

The Opposition Convention.

George E. Little, Esq., Chairman of the "Executive Committee," gives notice that the meeting of the Committee is postponed to Thursday, October 6th, at which time a full attendance of the members at Raleigh is earnestly requested.

The members of the Committee are: Geo. Little, Esq., of Wake; Hon. Kenneth B. B. of Hertford; Hon. R. S. Donnell, of Beaufort; Hon. W. A. Graham, of Orange; Hon. Alfred Dockery, of Richmond; James A. Long, Esq., of Guilford; Chalmers L. Glenn, Esq., of Rockingham; Rufus Barringer, Esq., of Calabur; T. G. Walton, Esq., of Burke; and James A. Patton, Esq., of Buncombe.

Railroad Meeting at Davidson College.

A meeting was held at Davidson College, the 24th day of September to appoint Delegates to attend the Railroad Convention to be held in Statesville on the 4th of October next. On motion Andrew Springs was called to the Chair, and James A. Johnston requested to act as Secretary. The following persons were appointed Delegates and are earnestly requested to attend:

Rev. Drury Lacy, Rev. E. F. Rockwell, Dr. Wm D. McLean, Jr., Samuel M. Withers, George F. Shephard, Prof. John A. Leland, J. N. Scofield, George A. Houston, E. H. Alexander, F. A. McCandless, Drury Lacy, Jr., D. A. Caldwell, J. R. Gillette, E. B. Wilson, James Johnston, Esq., John B. Knox, David A. Sloan, Dr. J. B. Alexander, Dr. J. M. Wilson, James I. Sloan, John McLeure, R. H. Johnston, W. B. Withers, John Parks, Wm Parks, Wm Caldwell, Wm H. Stinson, Wm Patterson, Joseph Wilson, Henry Cathey, Wm Potts, Samuel Black, Andrew Alexander, Andrew S. Knox, Pinkney Helper.

On motion the Chairman and Secretary were added to the delegation.

On motion the Charlotte papers and others friendly to the enterprise are requested to publish the above proceedings.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

ANDREW SPRINGS, Chairman.

J. A. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

Pen and Scissors.
Dr. R. M. Graham, the player of Col. Long at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York, a few years ago, was killed in a rencontre with Ernest Toledano at New Orleans recently. Dr. Graham was esteemed an excellent physician, very gentlemanly in his deportment when sober, but quarrelsome and revengeful when drinking, to which vice he was much addicted. The way of the transgressor is hard.

As we announced, says the N. Y. Express, on Saturday last, Lieut. Gen. Scott leaves in the California steamer for Oregon to-day, a greenly to instructions from the government, with a view to keep the British Governor, Douglass, and the American General, Harney from a fight for the possession of the disputed island of San Juan. We heartily wish the gallant old hero a safe and pleasant voyage. His unexpected presence on the Pacific coast will be likely to awake the enthusiasm of his countrymen there; and if military etiquette, or the delicate and pressing nature of his official duties allowed, there is no doubt he would be the recipient of popular honors in California, such as but few of our public men have ever received in that part of the world.

Some days ago, as a young girl 15 years of age, named Mary Louisa Noonan, was returning from her work, she encountered another girl named Mary Gaff, who urged two boys, Robert Fisher and Samuel Clark, to assist her to beat Mary Noonan, for some trivial offence. Mary Gaff seized her by the hair and threw her down, when the two boys beat her and kicked her severely in the lower part of her body. Yesterday morning the injured girl died, when a warrant was issued for the arrest of the parties engaged in the affair.

A correspondent of the Manchester Mirror says that a few days since a needle was taken from the outer and lower side of the foot, near the little toe joint, of Mrs. Ira Atwood, of North Sandwich, (N. H.) which she swallowed six years since. The needle was a shoe needle, a little over an inch long, and it was whole, but quite rusty. The lady was alarmed at the time she swallowed the needle, but had felt no inconvenience from it, and had forgotten the circumstance until she felt a pricking in her foot, when the needle was discovered.

The Newbern Progress of Sept. 20th, says: "Last night, our Gas Works being completed and the street lamps up, the lighting fluid was thrown into the Street Mains for the first time, and many stores, shops, offices and private residences throughout town being ready to receive it, the town was one blaze of light. Nor did the gas show more brightly than did the faces of our citizens, large numbers of whom, male and female, were promading the streets till a late hour enjoying this evidence of a new era in the progress of the ancient borough. Pollock, South Front, East Front, Craven, Middle, Broad and Hancock streets were all lighted up, and as before said many business houses and private residences were in a blaze of light."

The Sixth Annual Fair of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society will be held at Fayetteville, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 24, 25 and 26 days of November next. The Annual Address will be delivered on Thursday by W. W. Holden, Esq., of Raleigh.

The net result of the Maine election shows that a Republican Governor is elected by a majority of 11,000. Thirty Republican Senators out of thirty-one, and one hundred and fifteen Representatives out of one hundred and fifty one are elected.

We learn from the Asheville News, that a personal difficulty occurred at Murphy, Cherokee county, on Saturday the 10th inst., between Col. N. G. Howell and a constable named Williams, during which the latter was shot through the breast by a son of Col. Howell. Williams was thought to be fatally wounded. Young Howell had not at the date of the letter conveying us the information, been arrested.

Mr. Kendall's experiment of sheep and horse raising, near New Braunfels, in Texas, has been more than successful, as he himself writes under date of 20th August. He weaned 1500 lambs in one day, of the average age of 4 months.

The New York Times has published a list of suicides which have been recorded in the papers of the United States during the last six weeks. The number is fifty-three; in six life was actually taken, and twenty more unsuccessful attempts. Domestic trouble was the cause in a majority of the cases, and strained circumstances and disappointments in business led to what coroners' juries call the "rash act" in others.

A parcel was recently received at a bank in New York, containing a fine infant and a note intimating that the baby might be placed to the credit of Mr. B.—, a gentleman having an account open at the bank.

The Illinois State Fair is a complete success. Not less than twenty-five thousand people were on the grounds at Freeport Wednesday, and the receipts amounted to \$5,000. The steam-plow exhibition took place that morning. Fawke's machine plowed an acre in eleven minutes. The number of agricultural implements, on exhibition is larger than at any previous Fair. On yesterday the Fair was to close, when premiums amounting to \$16,500 were to be awarded.

The Wilmington Herald learns that a man named Uriah Vick, was killed at Boykin's muster ground in Nash county, on Saturday last. His brains were beaten out by Joseph Boone, a notorious rascal, he taking advantage of his sleeping victim, and killed him with a fence rail. Boone escaped to Wilson, where he took the night train coming to Wilmington. He is one fourth negro, but generally passes for a white man.

Mr. Van Buren Hopkins, of Tawboro', N. C., died on Friday last, from the effects of a blow on the head with an axe, given some time since by a lad named John Coggins. Coggins is in jail and will be tried at the Superior Court for Pitt county, where the act was committed.

There was a heavy storm in New York on Friday last. One four-story house in Duane Street was blown down. No one was killed but several of the inmates were removed considerably injured.

Letters from the Corresponding Secretary of the Colonization Society, says the Charleston Mercury, speak thus of the disposition made of the returned Africans from the brig Echo: "All the liberated Africans to the notorious Echo are doing well. They are contented and happy. Many are distributed among private families, and learn fast the habits and customs of civilized life."

A religious revival similar to that in Ireland is progressing in Scotland.

The Port of the World.

A recent number of Chamber's Journal contains an article embodying some interesting facts regarding Liverpool, the greatest seaport of England and of the world. It appears that in 1858 nearly one-half of all the products exported from England were shipped from Liverpool. Out of £122,000,000 of exportation, £55,000,000 were exported from Liverpool, about half that amount from London, sixteen millions from Hull, and the rest from Glasgow, Southampton, &c. The population of Liverpool is 460,000. It exports at the present time is about 600,000, and the rate of annual increase about 10,000. The property and income tax paid by the inhabitants in 1857 amounted to upwards of £7,000,000, or \$35,000,000. The amount of tonnage belonging to the port in the same year was 936,022 tons, being greater by 76,882 tons than that of London itself. The amount of shipping which entered and cleared during the same year was upwards of nine million tons! Of the vessels which arrived from abroad, the United States sent by far the largest and most numerous, viz: 354 ships, of an average burden of 1,000 tons each, and 1,000 tons. There were from Italy 174 vessels, from Russia 102, and from France 317.

One great branch of the shipping business of Liverpool, is the shipment of emigrants to foreign and colonial countries. The tide of German emigration, even now, flows through Liverpool, and upwards of 100,000 emigrants are shipped to Hamburg and Bremen. Of the 212,875 British emigrants in 1857, nearly 150,000 sailed from this port. Of the above number, the United States attracted 128,995, British America 21,000 and Australia 61,248. The number of emigrants who left the shores of Great Britain in 1857, was 936,022 tons, being greater by 76,882 tons than that of London itself.

The pride of Liverpool is her docks, which cover a space of no less than four hundred acres of water along the Mersey. They extend on the Liverpool side of the river a distance of five miles, and two miles on the Birkenhead side. The sea-wall along the Liverpool side, by which the shipping in the docks is secured from wind and storm, is one of the greatest works of any age. Its length is upwards of five miles, its average thickness eleven feet, and its average height from the foundations, forty feet. Great difficulty was experienced in gaining a stable foundation for this great structure, and thousands of piles were driven and many great beams of timber sunk to secure a firm lot. Upwards of eighty pairs of gigantic girders have been put up within the last thirty years, and some of them reach to the unparalleled width of one hundred feet.

Rail Road Meeting.

We are pleased to learn that a Railroad Meeting in favor of the Iredell plan, was held at Hopewell, N. C., on Monday last, at which time several appropriate speeches were made, indicating an earnest determination to sustain the enterprise.

Delegates were appointed to represent Hopewell at the Meeting to be held at Statesville which were as follows: Messrs. R. B. Monteith, C. J. Wilson, A. A. Alexander, G. W. Alexander, and J. R. Alexander.

Meetings have also been held at Davidson College and at Beards School House to appoint Delegates, but we have not been informed who were appointed.—*Char. Bulletin.*

Iredell can beat the world for large Apples and pretty Girls.—*Iredell Express.*

Yes, yes, you recollect, your notice of big apples a few weeks ago, when I let off a shot at a certain gentleman who intercepted the biggest one of the lot? Well, that shot told; and Tuesday last with a smile of satisfaction, he handed us an apple sixteen inches in circumference and 23 ounces in weight.

That beats you, Mr. Express, on apples. The question of pretty girls is a very different thing; and we shall have to refer that to the young gentlemen of Rowan, to whom, as to young gentlemen every where, it is an excitingly interesting question. The apple was grown in the orchard of Mr. Baye, near Healing Springs, in Davidson county.—*Sat. Watchman.*

The North Carolina Argus.

This most excellent paper finished the first year under the able and present management, on the 8th inst. The Argus has been ably conducted; ability, zeal and talent of a high order have been exhibited by Mr. Fenton, its editor. He is a forcible and fearless writer, and has done, and will continue to do, yeoman service in the good old Whig cause.

We wish success and prosperity to the Argus and its indefatigable editor.—*Rel. Reg.*

Politics at the Springs.

A Virginian having spent several days at the Virginia Springs recently, writes to his paper as follows:

"As to politics, I hear that one of the candidates in the Petersburg district declared on the stump that he 'was born a Democrat, had lived a Democrat, would die a Democrat and be buried in a Democratic grave.'—'Then you'll go to h—ll certain,' exclaimed an old fellow in the crowd. If all the Democrats themselves say of Democracy be true, the remark may be doctrinally correct. It is bad enough to live a Democrat—but awful for a man to think of being cut off in the midst of Democracy! Especially when you remember where Democracy came from. Jefferson imported it from France where it had voted that there was no God, abolished the Sabbath and set up a prostitute as the Goddess of Reason and decreed that she should be worshipped. The philosophy of Democracy produced that result in France. Here Jefferson's Democracy has been so distorted that he would disown it, and his high priests tell us it has produced the most corrupt Government on earth! Why then should good men thoughtlessly glory in such a name as 'Democrat' and thus sacrifice reason and sound philosophy and truth itself, for there can be no pure Democracy in this country. The party has almost ruined the country in this world, and some of its members by their politics are running a risk."

At the Springs I heard several names mentioned for the Presidency, but A. D. Banks, Esq., came along and told us Douglas would certainly get the Charleston nomination and there was no use talking any more about it. A Hunter Democrat said 'Seward would beat Douglas in Virginia, and I see the Enquirer says his 'doctrine is worse than Seward's.' So we go. But Botts is nominated and even then they deny he is better than Seward, and therefore better than Douglas, and so he may get the support of patriotic Democrats in Virginia. I congratulate the country that Democracy, individually and collectively, is pretty generally dead.—'Peace to the memory of the departed, best be the day on which it started. Let each country send large delegations to the Opposition Convention to unite in a requiem and funeral service over the deceased Democracy. That Convention ought not to meet until February at least. Congress may not be even organized by the 14th of De-

cember. However, I'll be there. At present, all I meet are opposed to expressing a preference for any man.—Let us take the best man who can be elected. Expressions of preference injure their object. Can't we learn from the conduct and fate of our opponents?"

A Melancholy and Fatal Casualty.

On Saturday last two citizens of Franklin county, Messrs. Samuel Clifton and Sherwood Denton, neighbors on the most intimate terms of friendship, went out in company hunting.—After a while a rabbit was started on a creek, the banks of which were pretty thickly studded with bushes and undergrowth. Mr. Denton went on one side of the creek and Mr. Clifton on the other, so as to intercept the rabbit if he attempted to escape.—Shortly after this arrangement had been effected, Mr. Clifton caught sight of the rabbit and fired his gun at it. Immediately after he had fired Mr. Denton, whose position on the opposite side of the stream was obscured from Mr. Clifton by the density of the brushwood, called to Mr. C. and told him that he had shot him. Mr. C. hastened to his friend, when he found that one shot had pierced his left breast in the region of the heart, and another had taken effect in one of his legs, the scattering of the shot proving that they must have been a considerable distance apart. Mr. Clifton took Mr. Denton by the arm and suggested that they had better go to the house, but Mr. Denton said he was not able to walk there, and just at that moment seeing a lady, one of their neighbors, passing near by, Mr. C. called to her and asked her to remain with Mr. Denton while he ran for a doctor. By this time Mr. Denton became so faint that he had to lie down. Mr. Clifton immediately started for a doctor, and soon returned, but only to find to his horror that Mr. Denton had breathed his last. He died in about 15 minutes after receiving the wound. No blame can certainly attach to Mr. Clifton for the accident, though we learn that his reason has nearly been dethroned on account of it. Mr. Denton leaves a wife and four children, who were dependent upon him for a support. The only reparation that Mr. Clifton can now render to his unfortunate friend, and it will doubtless be one that he will gladly avail himself of, will be to comfort and support his bereaved family.—*Raleigh Register.*

Affray at Boston.

A sad collision between two prominent business men occurred at the office of the Middlesex Mills, in Boston, on Saturday last. Since the financial difficulties in which the mills were involved by the failure of Messrs. Lawrence, Stone & Co. there has been a difference of opinion between some of the stockholders as to the management of their affairs. This difference has been manifested at various public meetings, and one of the most prominent of those who were dissatisfied was Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, who owns stock in the company to a large amount.—He opposed the election of Richard S. Fay, Jr., as treasurer, and has since frequently called at the office to look into the books of the concern. In pursuance of this custom, Dr. Ayer called at the office on Saturday, Mr. Fay gave the Doctor the wrong book, whereupon he (the Doctor) called for the right book. The right book was thrown down, as the Doctor says, in an insulting manner, he, Fay, telling the Doctor to hurry. Dr. Ayer told him that he should take as long as he pleased. Fay then said, "Don't you use any insulting language towards me," and immediately grabbed the Doctor by the hair of the head, held his head down, and struck him several severe blows. The Doctor then stabbed Fay with his penknife in the lower part of the abdomen. This ended the affair. But after they had separated Mr. Fay discovered that he had been stabbed, when Dr. Bigelow was sent for. The wound which was inflicted in a dangerous locality, over the right groin, is between one and two inches deep, and the declined to give an opinion as to its character. Dr. Ayer made no attempt to leave the premises, but surrendered to the police.

Balloon Voyage to Europe.

A monster balloon, for Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, has just been completed in New York, at the cost of twenty-five thousand dollars. It is intended for a voyage to Europe in October, and will carry six passengers, besides a letter and newspaper mail. A description of it, says:

"Over six thousand yards of the best material have been used, and seventeen sewing machines have been employed on the work, and it is estimated, have done the work that would have required two hundred girls to perform in the same time. The aeronaut does not claim to have invented any new system of ballooning, but he has been enabled, by the assistance of friends, to construct a machine in which he is determined to test the practicability of a transatlantic voyage. The entire height of the balloon, from the bottom of the boat to the top, is 240 feet, and its diameter 123 feet. The boat is a life-boat, 45 feet in length, 8 feet beam and 4 deep, and will contain a calorific engine for the purpose of working a propeller on the screw principle. The size of the car or basket is 30 feet in circumference. It is calculated that the propeller, which is placed in the bow of the boat, will enable the aeronaut to raise or lower the balloon at pleasure, and to keep steady way on it. The balloon will contain about 700,000 cubic feet of gas, and will weigh, with the car, boat, and their contents, about three tons, and will possess a lifting power of 223 tons. It is expected to make the voyage to Europe in two days."

The number of patients in the N. C. State Lunatic Asylum, is between 170 and 180.

NOTICE

To Physicians, Families, Farmers, and Mechanics.

W. H. WYATT,
DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,
MAIN ST., SALISBURY, N. C.

DURING THIRTEEN YEARS EXPERIENCE my attention has been directed to the worthlessness of a large portion of the Medicines offered for sale. I have resolved to supply Physicians and Families with pure and reliable remedies.

I have been led, **FIRST,** To reject all preparations whose composition is not known—the whole tribe of nostrums.

SECOND, To cultivate business relations directly with Physicians, who have a far deeper interest in my undertaking than the mere dealers in boots, dry goods, groceries, &c.

THIRD, To spare no pains in acquiring a further knowledge of the *Drug Trade* in all its departments: to deal only with honorable and competent merchants and chemical manufacturers; to buy of first hands, effecting thereby a saving in cost and less liability to adulteration.

FOURTH, To establish and gradually perfect a Laboratory of my own, so that of the character and quality of all its products, I may be perfectly assured.

FIFTH, To keep myself informed in respect to the Progress made in Practical Pharmacy and Chemistry, and be able to introduce to public attention, and furnish, all new and important remedies, as soon as noticed.

SIXTH, The increase of business has rendered necessary a change to a larger and more varied stock, a closer personal attention, and a FURTHER REDUCTION IN PRICE.

W. H. WYATT,
Main St. Salisbury, N. C., Sept. 29, 1859. 43-3m

WANTED.

500 lbs. Seneca Root, Dry.
500 lbs. Ginseng Root, Dry.

THE highest cash price will be paid for them by W. H. WYATT, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Salisbury, N. C. 43-3f

TO THE LADIES.

FASHIONABLE Dress-Making.

MRS. J. A. VANNOY, having received the latest Paris and New York

FASHIONS, respectfully invites the attention of ladies having Dresses to make to give her a call, if they wish them made in the latest and most fashionable style.

Mrs. V. wears good fits, and all work done by her, she cuts by Taylor's celebrated system. She is prepared to execute work at the shortest notice as she has procured competent assistance. She will be in receipt of the Fall and Winter Fashions by the 5th of next month. She receives direct from Paris every month the latest Fashions.

J. A. VANNOY,
Statesville, Sept. 30, 1859. 43-4f

New Fall & Winter GOODS.

JANISON, SIMONTON & CO.
Are now receiving their large and splendid stock of **Fall & Winter Goods,** consisting of

Dry Goods,

DRESS GOODS

of the latest styles;
Bonnets, Hats,
Hats, Caps, etc.

HARD-WARE,

Drugs, Crockery,

GROCERIES

and a large assortment of other articles.

All of which were bought in New York and Philadelphia for cash, and will be sold **LOW.**

CALL AND GIVE US A TRIAL—We don't make a great noise over our goods to *hunting* the people but, will allow them to be their own judge.

WE will take all kinds of **Country Produce** in exchange for goods.

Statesville, Sept. 23, 1859. 42-6w

SPRAGUE BRO'S

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,
SALISBURY, N. C.

Sept. 23, 1859. 41-1y

Sugar Cane Crushers.

WE are manufacturing, upon the best model, a superior article of **Sugar Cane Crushers,** which have sufficient capacity, with one good horse, to extract 50 gallons of juice per hour, and it only occupies a space of about 5 feet, so that the mill is very portable. We do not hesitate to say, that our Cane Crushers are the best that have ever been introduced into the State, and every farmer growing cane should possess one.

Terms reasonable, to suit the times. All orders for work, or letters on business, addressed to S. Dixon, Davidson & Co., Snow Camp, Alamance County, N. C., will receive prompt attention.

SOLOMON DIXON,
CALEB DIXON,
BERRY DAVIDSON,
P. S. BENBOW,
Proprietors.

E. B. DRAKE & SON,
Agents, Statesville, N. C.

Cumberland County Fair.
Held the 3d, 4th, and 5th November, 1858. Report of Committee on Steam, Horse, and Hand Power Machinery:

One Sugar Cane Crusher is exhibited by Perry Davidson, and manufactured by S. Dixon, Davidson & Co. This is a first-rate article well gotten up, and well made. In the opinion of the Committee it is better adapted to ordinary farm use than any thing they have seen. 39f.

To Printers.
The Advertiser wishes to procure a permanent situation in some printing establishment in Western North Carolina. He is qualified to take charge of any department of a Printing Office, is of steady, moral habits and can give satisfactory references. He addresses the Editors Iredell Express for further information. W. F. E.

NOTICE

BY Virtue of a Deed in Trust to me executed by Wm. J. Campbell, for certain purposes therein mentioned, I shall proceed to **SELL** in the Town of Statesville, **Tuesday, the 4th of October next**

